The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

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"The Fighting Fool"
"Hidden Waters"
"The Texican," Etc. Illustrations by Don J. Lavin

see that tree over there, and looking

the gold must be in there." He point-

The old Mexican shrugged his shoul-

"I do not know, senor," he answered;

"For how much?" inquired De Lan-

"For one hundred dollars," an-

swered Mendez, and to his delight the

American seemed to be considering it.

He walked back and forth across the

slide, picking up rocks and looking at

them, dropping down into the futile

with studious thought. His pardner,

however, sat listlessly on a boulder

and tested the action of his six-

"Listen, my friend," said De Laucey,

pressively. "If I should find the ledge

the one hundred dollars would be noth-

Sat Toying With His Pistol.

his honesty and his fidelity to any

trust, but De Lancey silenced him im-

are nothing to us. Do you see my

friend over there?" He pointed to

Bud, who, huge and dominating

against the sky line, sat toying with

his pistol. "Buen'! He is a cowboy.

sabe? A Texan! You know the Te-

cans. But my friend there, he likes

Mexicans-when they are honest. If

not-no! Hey, Bud," he called in

English, "what would you do to this

fellow if he beat us out of the mine?"

good-natured smile.

the old man's heart.

you know."

thanks!"

hat in his hand.

Bud turned upon them with a slow.

'Oh, nothing much," he answered,

putting up his gun; and the deep

rumble of his voice struck fear into

Phil laughed and looked grimly at

"Very well, my friend," he said, "We

we think it is good we will take you

to the mining agent and get a permit

if we find nothing we will pay you

"Si, senor, si, senor!" cried Mendez,

"When you give us the papers!"

men who talk. And come to the hotel

at Fortuna tomorrow—then we will let

"And you will buy the mine?"

"Perhaps," answered De Lancey.

"Buen'!" bowed Mendez; "and many

"It is nothing," replied De Lancey

politely, and then with a crooked

smile he gazed after the old man as

he went hurrying off down the canyon

got Mr. Mendez started just about

im without the price of a drink until

we get our papers we stand a chance

"That's right," said Bud; "but

wish he had two good eyes. I knowed

CHAPTER VII.

There are doubtless many philan-propiets in the Back Bay regions of

sawing of Crus Mender a very repre-heneible act. And one hundred dol-

was sure a thieving son of a goat."

"Well," he observed, "I guess we've

We will tell you tomorrow."

begged Mendez, backing off with his

Mendez while he delivered his ulti-

"Enough, hombre!" he said. "Words

more. Now if-"

bre-look out!"

trenches of Aragon, and frowning

ed toward the hill.

ders deprecatingly.

the claim for you."

cey guardedly.

shooter.

where?"

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SYNOPSIS.

Bud Hooker and Phil De Lancey are forced, owing to a revolution in Mexico, to give up their mining claim and return to the United States. In the border town of Gassden Bud mests Henry Kruger, a wealthy miner, who makes him a proposition to return to Mexico to acquire title to a very rich mine which Kruger had blown up when he found he had been cheated out of the title by one Aragon. The Mexican had spent a large sum in an unsuccessful attempt to relocate the velu and then had allowed the land to rever for taxes. Hooker and De Lancey start for the mine. They arrive at Fortuna near where the mine known as the Eagle Tail is located, and get information about Aragon and a Mexican mamed Cruz Mendez who is friendly to Kruger.

CHAPTER VI-Continued.

"Que busca?" the one-eyed one finally inquired; "what are you look-

And when Phil oracularly answered, "Gold!" the old man made a motion to the boy to go on and sat down on a neighboring rock.

"Do you want to buy a prospect?" he asked, and Bud glanced up at him

"We find our own prospects," answered Phil.

"But I know of a very rich prospect," protested Mendez; "very rich!" He shrilled his voice to express how rich it was.

"Yes?" observed Phil; "then why don't you dig the gold out? But, as for us, we find our own mines. That is our business."

"Seguro!" nodded Mendez, glancing at their outfit approvingly. "But I am a poor man-very poor-I cannot denounce the mine. So I wait for some rich Americano to come and buy it. I have a friend-a very rich man-in Gadsden, but he will not come; so I will sell it to you."

"Did you get that, Bud?" jested Phil In English. "The old man here thinks we're rich Americans and he wants to sell us a mine."

Bud laughed silently at this, and Mr. Mendez, his hopes somewhat blasted by their levity, began to boast of his find, giving the history of the Eagle Tail with much circumstantiality and explaining that it was a lost padre mine.

"Sure," observed Phil, going back to his horse and picking up the bridle, "that's what they all say. They're all lost padre mines, and you can see them from the door of the church. Come on, Bud, let's go!"

"And so you could this!" cried Mendez, running along after them as they gode slowly up the canyon, "from the old church that was washed away by the flood! This is the very mine where the padres dug out all their gold! Are you going up this way? Come, then, and I will show you-the very place, except that the Americano ruined it with a blast!"

He tagged along after them, wheedling and protesting while they bantered him about his mine, until they finally came to the place—the ruins of the Eagle Tail.

It lay spraddled out along the hillside, a series of gopher-holes, dumps and abandoned workings, looking more like a badly managed stone quarry than a relic of padre days. Kruger's magazine of giant powder, exploded in one big blast, had destroyed all traces of his mine, besides starting an avalanche of loose shale patiently, that had poured down and filled the pocket.

Added to this, Aragon and his men had rooted around in the debris in search of the vein, and the story of their inefficient work was told by great piles of loose rock stacked up peside caved-in trenches and a series janos, eh? They do not like Mexiof timid tunnels driven into the neighboring ridges.

Under the circumstances it would certainly call for a mining engineer to locate the lost lead, and De Lancey looked it over thoughtfully as he be gan to figure on the work to be done Undoubtedly there was a mine thereand the remains of an old Spanish smelter down the creek showed that the ground had once been very richbut if Kruger had not told him in advance he would have passed up the Job in a minute.

"Well," he said, turning coldly upor the fawning Mendez, who was all will stay and look at this mine. If curves in his desire to please, "where 4s your prospecto?" to dig. For sixty days we will dig, and

'Aqui, senor!" replied the Mexican pointing to the disrupted rock slide. was that the Americano fifty dollars, anyway. If we find the

Crooka had his mine-rich with goldledge we will give you a hundred dol-"!blog destart lars. All right?" He shrilled his voice emphatically. 'one hundred dollars!" and De Lancey shrilled his in reply he exclaimed, gazing warned Phil. "But remember-be careful! The Americans do not like

blankly at the hillside, and then he broke into a laugh. "All right, my griend," he said, giving Bud a face tious wink; "how much do you want for this prospect?"

"Four hundred dollars," answered Mendez in a tone at once hopeful and "It is very rich. Senor Crooka shipped some ore that was full of gold. I packed it out for him on my burros; but, I am sorry, I have no piece of It!"

'Yes," responded De Lancey, "I am sorry, too. So, of course, we cannot buy the prospecto since you have no ore to show; but I am glad for this, senor Mendez," he continued with a kindly smile; "it shows that you are an honest man, or you would have right-what? Now if we can keep stolen a piece of ore from the sacks. So show us now where the gold was found, the nearest that you can remember, and perhaps, if we think we can find it, we will pay you to de-nounce the claim for us."

at this the one good eye of Cruz fender lighted up with a great hope ad, skipping lightly over the rock fles with his sandaled feet, he ran o a certain spot, locating it by look-ng across the canyon and up and

reward for the service that he was to

But Bud and Phil were not traveling anything, and it buys a whole lot.

"Sure," agreed Bud; "but we ain't grass business."

"Sure," agreed Bud; "but we ain't grass business."

"Yes, but don't put it on him," probuying nothing from him—he's the
"Yes, but don't put it on him," prohave got avaricious and demanded ten of it, pardner."

throat dried at the thought of it.

down the river I could just see the smelter around the point. So, then, pers with him, and if he believed in out of bull." "Surely," said De Laucey; "but a hereafter for those who played false "but if you wish to dig I will denounce

he was given the precious permit. Then there was another trip to the grounds with a surveyor, to make report that the claim was actually va-

In return for this service as a dumtheir eye, the Americans engaged El Tuerto, the one-eyed, to pack out a few tools and supplies for them; and then, to keep him busy, they employed him further to build a stone house.

All these activities were, of course, coming back and poising his finger im- Tres Palacios, since, by a crafty arrangement of fences, he had made it impossible for anyone to reach the ing to me, sabe? And if I should spend lower country without passing through all my money for nothing it would the crooked street of Old Fortuna.

be but one hundred dollars more. But During the first and the second trip listen! I have known some false Mex- of the strange Americans he kept icans who, when an American paid within his dignity, hoping perhaps them to denounce a mine, took ad- that they would stop at his store, vantage of his kindness and refused to where they could be engaged in congive it over. Or, if it turned out to versation; but upon their return from a third trip, after Cruz Mendez had gone through with their supplies, he cast his proud Spanish reserve to the winds and waylaid them on the street.

"Buenas tardes, senores," he saluted, as they rode past his store, and then, seeing that they did not break their gait, he held up his hand for them to stop.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said. speaking genially but with an affected Spanish lisp, "I have seen you ride past several times-are you working for the big company up at New For-

"No, senor," answered De Lancey courteously, "we are working for our-"Good!" responded Aragon with fa-

therly approval; "it is better so. And are you looking at mines?" "Yes," said De Lancey non-commit-ly; "we are looking at mines."

tally: "That is good, too," observed Aragon; "and I wish you well, but since you are strangers to this country and against that one-eyed man, Cruz Menpela'o Mexican, one who has nothingand yet he is always seeking to imbe rich, they pulled a long face and pose upon strangers by selling them old mines which have no value.

claimed that they ought to be paid "Ah, no, senor!" clamored Mendez, holding up his hand in protest; "I am | into the brush house up the river 1 | at work, and he was waiting for them a poor man, but I am honest. Only have lost several fine little pigs; and in the morning with a frown as black give me the hundred dollars—" have lost several fine little pigs; and in the morning with a frown as black 'Not a dollar do you get!" cried De | head as he was chasing another man's | Lancey sternly; "not a dollar-until cow. I have not suffered him on my drew near enough to see his face. you turn over the concession to the ranch for years, for he is such a thief, "What shall we do?" mine. And if you play us false"-he and yet he has the effrontery to reprepaused impressively-"cuidado, hom- sent himself to strangers as a poor but his teeth; "you jest let me do the talkhonest man. I hope that he has not ing!"

Once more Cruz Mendez protested imposed upon you in any way?" ed De Lancey, as Bud raised his tween his pardner and Aragon. bridle reins to go. "We hired him Adjos!"

He touched his hat and waved his he settled down to a trot.

you, Phil?" he said. "No matter what the middle of the street. you think about 'em, you got to be polite, haven't you? Well, that's the served Hooker, as they trotted briskly way you get drawn in-next time you down the lane. "Leave 'im to me!" go by now the old man will pump you dry-you see. No, sir, the only way De Lancey crossly. "What do you to get along with these Mexicans is want to do that for?" not to have a thing to do with 'em. 'No savvy'-that's my motto!

they had offered him a thousand dol- steer clear of, and keep him guessing friendly for a while, if he wants to." lars for the same service he would as long as we can. That's my view

"Oh, that's all right," laughed De He came to the hotel very early the Lancey, "he won't get anything out gested Phil hopefully. "He's dropped next morning and lingered around an of me-that is, nothing but a bunch a lot of money on it." hour or so, waiting for the American of hot air. Say, he's a shrewd-looking sentleman to arise and tell him his old guinea, isn't he? Did you notice Hooker, with conviction. "I'm going fate. A hundred dollars would buy that game eye? He kept it kind of to camp out there—the old boy is verything that he could think of, in- drooped, almost shut, until he came liable to jump us." cluding a quantity of mescal. His to the point—and then he opened it up real fierce. Reminds me of a big but Hooker only smiled. Then the gentlemen appeared and fighting owl waking up in the dayasked him many questions—whether time. But you just watch me handle ger," he answered. "I'll tell you what, he was married according to law, him, and if I don't fool the old boy we got to keep our eye open around whether his wife would sign the pa- at every turn it'll be because I run here."

"Well, you can hand him the bull with Americans. Having answered all if you want to," grumbled Bud, "but tuna, without discussing the matter these in the affirmative, he was taken the first time you give anything away further; for, while Phil had generally to the agente mineral, and, after sign- I'm going to pick such a row with been the leader, in this particular case ing his name-his one feat in penman- the old cuss that we'll have to make a Kruger had put Bud in charge, and ship-to several imposing documents, new trail to get by. So leave 'im he seemed determined to have his alone, if you ever expect to see that way so far as Aragon was concerned. giri!"

Lancey had left Bud not unaware of deferred to Phil in everything, but for cant, and Mendez went back to his his special weaknesses, and Phil was normal duties as a packer.

his special weaknesses, and Phil was tactics he preferred his own judgment. It was by instinct rather than reaand silent house, shut off from the questing eyes of Mr. De Lancey would making careful measurements, turned to those barred windows as certainly as the needle seeks the pole.

had conned the Aragon house from the not lost on Don Cipriano Aragon y vine-covered corredor in front to the walled-in summer garden behind, hoping to surprise a view of the beautiful daughter of the house. And unless rumor and Don Juan were at fault, she was indeed worthy of his solicitudea gay and sprightly creature, browneyed like her mother and with the same glorious chestnut hair.

Already those dark, mischievous eyes had been busy and, at the last big dance at Fortuna, she had set many heads awhirl. Twice within two of their tunnel. years her father, in a rage, had sent her away to school in order to break off some ill-considered love affair; and now a battle royal was being waged between Manuel del Rey, the dashing captain of the rurales stationed at Fortuna, and Feliz Luna, son of a rich haciendado down in the hot country, for the honor of her hand.

What more romantic, then, than that a handsome American, stepping gracefully into the breach, should keep the haughty lovers from slaying each other by bearing off the prize himself? So reasoned Philip De Lancey, mus-

ing upon the ease with which he could act the part; but for prudential purposes he said nothing of his vaunting ambitions, knowing full well that they would receive an active veto from Bud. For, while De Lancey did most of the talking, and a great deal of the

thinking for the partnership, Hooker was not lacking in positive opinions; perhaps do not know the people as and upon sufficient occasion he would well as some, I desire to warn you express himself, though often with more force than delicacy. Therefore, dez, with whom I have seen you rid. upon this unexpected saily about the ing. He is a worthless fellow-a very girl, Phil changed the subject abruptly and said no more of Aragon or the hopes within his heart. It was not so easy, however, to avoid

Aragon, for that gentleman had appar-"I have no desire to speak ill of my ently taken the pains to inform himneighbors, but since he has moved self as to the place where they were

"Do nothing," growled Bud through

He maneuvered his horse adroitly "No; not at all, thank you," respond- and, with a skilful turn, cut in be-

"'S dias," he greeted, gazing down to pack out our tools and supplies and in burly defiance at the militant Arahe has done it very reasonably. But | gon; and at the same moment he gave many thanks, sir, for your warning. De Lancey's horse a furtive touch with

his spur. "Buenos dias, senores!" returned hand in parting, and Bud grinned as Aragon, striding forward to intercept them; but as neither of the Americans "You can't help palavering 'em, can looked back, he was left standing in

"That's the way to handle "im," ob-"It'll only make him mad," objected

"He's mad already," answered Bud.



INNOCENT OF THAT ANYWAY DUE TO CHANCE DISCOVERY

One Form of Interference, and the Most Harmful, of Which Youth Was Not Guilty.

All horsemen know that a horse that interferes-that is, hits the ankle foot-suffers greatly. While a human being with the same habit may not suffer much physically, yet he is likely to be sensitive about it.

Bion Talmage had this unfortunate habit. As Caleb Peaslee remarked upon one occasion, "Bion sounds more like a procession than he does like the man walking." And when you listened to the sturdy thumps of his shoes, and the entirely different sounds made when he hit his ankles. Caleb did not seem so far wrong, after all.

Among his neighbors these coments did not rankle, but when Bion was crossing Kenduskeag bridge, in Bangor, and an idler saw fit to remark upon his peculiarity, Blon's reentment was swift—and pointed. Bion had passed the idler-clump-whackety! clump-whackety! - when the latter called after him:

Say, mister, you interfere a little, Bion turned and fixed the question

don't," he returned; succinctly.-

Youth's Companion.

Scotch Boy Picked Up Piece of Ore That Led to Development of Rich Copper Mine.

a very promising copper mine on the estate of Otter, in Argyllshire, Scot-

mining expert, in Glasgow. Mr. Taylor prospected the district, and three rich lodes were opened. "The Murder Lode" has proved to be by far the richest, and the field was selected for exploration because it was known that no matter how heavily it was manured no grass or crop could be got to grow

The picturesque name arose through local tradition that a curse lay on the field because it had been the scene of a fight to the death between two women. The real reason for its bar-renness was found to be the presence of poisonous copper salts.

Uncarry Wisdom. Some men are so wise that it seems as though they must have been born ch earlier age than the rest

"Well, 'muchas gracias' is mine," ab can't ask us any questions. Get him erform.

But But and Phil were not traveling anything, and it buys a whole lot."

so mad be won't talk—then it'll be a fair fight and none of this snake-in-the-

"Can't be friends," said Bud lacon ically; "we jumped his claim."

"Maybe he doesn't want it," sug-"You bet he wants it," returned

"Aw, you're crazy, Bud!" cried Phil;

"You know what happened to Kru-

They rode on to the mine, which was only about five miles from For-

In the ordering of supplies and the A close association with Phil De laying out of development work he

son that he chose to fight, and people my locator, and to keep him under street by whitened walls and a ve- who follow their instincts are hard to randa screened with flowers, and the change. So they put in the day in cording to the memoranda that Kruger had given them; having satisfied On every trip coming and going, he themselves as to the approximate locality of the lost vein, they turned back again toward town with their heads full of cunning schemes.

Since it was the pleasure of the Senor Aragon to make war on all who entered his preserves, they checkmated any attempt on his part to locate the lead by driving stakes to the north of their ledge; and, still further to throw him off, they decided to mark time for a while by doing dead work on a cut. Such an approach would be needed to reach the mouth

At the same time it would give steady employment to Mendez and keep him under their eye, and as soon as Aragon showed his hand they could make out their final papers in peace and send them to the City of Mexico. And not until those final papers were recorded and the transfer duly made would they so much as stick a pick into the hillside or show a mp of quartz.

But for a Spanish gentleman, supposed to be all supple curves and sinu ous advance, Don Cipriano turned out somewhat of a surprise, for when they rode back through his narrow street again he met them squarely in the road and called them to a halt.

"By what right, gentlemen-" he de-manded in a voice tremulous with rage "-by what right do you take possession of my mine, upon which I have paid the taxes all these years,



"By What Right Do You Take Possession of My Mine?"

and conspire with that rogue, Cruz Mendez, to cheat me out of it? It is mine, I tell you, no matter what the agente mineral may say, and-"

"Your mine nothing!" broke in Hooker scornfully, speaking in the ungrammatical border-Mexican of the cowboys. "We meet one Mexicanhe shows us the mine-that is all. The expert of the mining agent says it is vacant-we take it. Stawano!

He waved the matter aside with masterful indifference, and Aragon burst into a torrent of excited Span-

"Very likely, very likely," commented Bud dryly, without listening to a word: "si, senor, yo pienso!"

A wave of fury swept over the Spaniard's face at this gibe and he turned suddenly to De Lancey. "Senor," he said, "you seem to be a

gentleman. Perhaps you will listen to me. This mine upon which you are working is mine. I have held it for years, seeking for the lost vein of the old padres. Then the rebels came sweeping through the land. They stole my horses, they drove off my cattle, The chance discovery some years they frightened my workmen from the ago by a boy of a piece of copper mine. I was compelled to flee-myself of one foot with the shoe of the other bearing ore led to the opening up of and my family-to keep from being held for ransom. Now you do me the great injustice to seize my mine!"

"Ah, no, senor," protested De Lan-Struck by the appearance of the cey, waving his finger politely for alore, the boy kept it two years, when lence, "you are mistaken. We have he showed it to Mr. J. S. Taylor, a inquired about this mine and it has been vacant for some time. There is no vein-no gold. Anyone who wished could take it. While we were prospecting we met this poor one-eyed man and he has taken out a permit to explore it. So we are going to dig -that is all."

"But, senor!" burst out Aragon-and voiced his rabid protests again, while sudden faces appeared in the windows and wide-eyed peons stood gawking in a crowd. But De Lancey was equally firm, though he glimpsed for the first time the adorable face of La Gracia as she stared at him from behind the bars,

"No, senor," he said, "you are mis taken. The land was declared forfell for non-payment of taxes by the min ister of Fomento and thrown open ation. We have located it-that is all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Plan Home Classes in Practical Agriculture

W ASHINGTON.—A plan whereby ten or more farmers or farm women can form home classes in agriculture or domestic science and receive the extbooks, lectures, lantern slides, laboratory and cooking equipment necessary to conduct them has been devised

by the United States department of agriculture in co-operation with agricultural colleges of certain states The object of the plan is to make

accessible at home, to men and women who have not the time or means to attend the regular courses at the colleges, practical short courses in agriculture and home management specially adapted to their districts. These courses, which will consist of 15 to 20 lectures, and will consume

five or more weeks, can be arranged to suit the spare time and convenience

of each group of people. The courses to be offered at first are poultry raising, fruit growing, soils, theese manufacturing, dalrying, butter making, and farm bookkeeping; and for the women especially, courses in the preparation, cooking and use of vegetable and cereal foods. The department will supply lectures and lantern slides covering these subjects, and the states which have agreed to co-operate in the pian will lend to each group laboratory and cooking apparatus valued at \$100 and a reference library. The textbooks and lectures will be made so complete that each group can safely appoint one of its members as study leader to direct the work of the course.

When a group has decided to take up the work, the state which cooperates sends an agent with the department's representative to organize a sample class and assist the leader whom they elect in laying out the work and in showing him the best methods of procedure. The classes commonly are held from eight to twelve in the morning and from one to four in the afternoon, two or three days each week. The sessions are not held every day, so that the members will have time to attend to their farm duties in between the sessions, as well as before and after the instruction period. The classes meet commonly at the most convenient farmhouse. During the morning hours, textbook work is done. In the afternoon laboratory work is conducted, and the women who have elected to take the domestic science courses have practical lessons in cooking.

As soon as a class is established, the state organizer withdraws to start a class in some other district. The work thereafter is left in charge of the leader, who receives assistance by mail from the college or the department in carrying on the work.

As there is no regularly paid instructor, classes can be carried on all over the state as rapidly as the college organizer can visit the groups, and as quickly as the laboratory sets supplied by the college become available. The local leader will preside during the reading of the lectures and references, for which full texts and lantern slides are supplied by the department. He will also be responsible for the laboratory equipment. Every one who completes the course will receive a certificate from the state college.

Trapped While at Work Under a Banquet Table

HE story is just getting around about a dinner given in exclusive Washing-THE story is just getting around about a tractful person was undoubtedly a plumber ton society, at which the most tactful person was undoubtedly a plumber in overalls. It was an elaborate dinner. The central feature of the table decoration was a playing fountain.

But just before the dinner was to be served the fountain refused to play. A plumber was hastily called. He crawled under the table and soon had the fountain sending a delicate spray into the air. He was busy tightening the couplings of the temporary pipes under the table when the head butler, his mind relieved of a load of care when he saw the fountain playing, announced in the drawing room:



"Dinner is served." Before the plumber knew what was happening the guests had entered the dining room, chairs were drawn up, and he suddenly found himself hemmed

in by a wall in which trousers alternated with skirts. It was a big round table, so be was safe from discovery from any shifting foot. He scratched his head and wondered what he should do. He looked carefully around. Neither to the right nor to the left nor between any pair of feet was there sufficient space for him to wiggle through. The only way to get out would be to tap on some knee and-"Pardon me, please." He didn't know much, about the etiquette of formal dinner parties, but he had a hunch that that wouldn't make a hit. He decided that there was just one thing to do-stay where he was until the trouser-and-skirt wall

departed. So there he sat. When the dinner was at last over and the guests had returned to the

drawing room the plumber crawled forth The hostess had tarried for a moment to give a few directions to the head butler. She gasped with astonishment.

The plumber explained. 'Sir," said she, "you are a gentleman." Then to the head butler: James, give this man \$10 for himself." Then to the plumber: "And please say nothing."

No National Holidays in the United States

VOU might suppose that July 4 is a national holiday, but it isn't. Worse I than that, there isn't such a thing as a national holiday in the whole United States. A patriotic young woman in Brookland spent a quarter in



phone calls just to find out. She is a young woman who likes to know things, and when some iconoclast cast a doubt as to the nationality of the day we celebrate, she called up a Washington newspaper and got this answer:

"There is no national holiday in

the United States." On the principle that you can't believe everything a paper says, she phoned to the head of an educational institution, and was told by an au-

thority, who asked not to be quoted, that to the best of his impression there were no holidays etc. Still clinging to her faith in a nation-legalized Fourth, the young woman called up a second newspaper, to learn from the voice at the other end of the wire that the head of the information bureau was out for an hour, but if

she couldn't wait that long she had better call up-a third newspaper. So she phoned to the third newspaper, to be cheered with the prompt assurance that there are at least five national holidays. In this conflict of opinions, and not being able to get the state depart-

ment or the attorney general's office-both closed July 4-the young woman rang up President Wilson. She was told that the White House did not know, but that as soon as the information could be obtained she would be called up, which was done within

the hour. And that settled it. "We have no national holidays in the United States"

"Prophet Without Honor in His Own Country"

HAT "a prophet is without honor in his own country" was very clearly shown the other day at Marshall hall. The day was an ideal one, and a Washington woman, taking advantage of that fact, put some lunch in a basket, took her daughter, annexed two other children and went down the

river to let the tots enjoy the fun of pink lemonade and peanuts. Presently the children got tired wandering around, peeping at the tomb of the ancient Marshalls, and went to the pony track, where a dozen barefoot colored boys were in charge of the pets. The oldest of them, Virgil, was a round-headed boy with a face as brown as a seal and a

mouth that looked like a slit in watermelon. His main interest in life was the ponies, and such impedimenta

EVER

HEAR OF

as clothing and learning were regarded contemptuously as useless incumbrances. To enjoy the present moment was his only motto.

The Washington woman stood looking over the waves to where the high hill on the opposite shore showed the white porches of Mount Vernor

"Did you ever hear of George Washington, Virgil?" asked the lady as watched a whole banana disappear down that personage's throat.

Virgil dug his toe in the dirt, looked around appealingly at the rest of children, then blurted out:

"No'm, I ain't ever heard er no George Washington, 'ceptin' unless you means my uncle, George Washington, what libes down de road a piece Such is fame and in the very shadow of the vine and fig tree of the

Pather of His Country.